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VOL. 33, NO. 41 | CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA | TUES., JUNE 17, 1930

Current Comment

Last week in this column we predicted that the brutal slaying of Jake Lingle, Chicago Tribune crime reporter would precipitate a campaign of reciprocation, directed at the city's lawless element by the Press of Chicago. Already the newspapers have united in the common cause and their vigorous, concentrated editorials have already borne fruit.

The police commissioner, W. Russell, and Captain of Detectives John Stege have resigned, no longer caring to face the wrath of the aroused citizenry. D. J. Normoyle, chief justice of the criminal court, has ordered a grand jury which will probably result in a lot of new faces in the police department—and perhaps a few new faces in heaven, or wherever murderers go after they have parked for a few minutes in the chair reserved for the more notorious of the state's non-paying guests.

A committee of influential citizens has organized for the purpose of raising funds for the perpetuation of the campaign, and will themselves devote their energies toward a city-wide cleanup. Needless to say, these men are being protected with every secrecy. Jake Lingle, whose death his own and other newspapers are determined to avenge, said many times that the city should be under martial law. He had a lot of stuff on the ball, and the situation in Chicago may be ultimately taken in hand by militia or a detachment of the Marines— preferably the Marines, because they have had more experience in the practice of killing, and that's what Chicago needs right now—a whole lot of killings.

The eyes of the nation are turned on the Windy City. The writer believes that the war on crime will be successful—even if the citizens themselves eventually are forced to take up arms as did the Vigilantes of the early days in our own west.

In certain middle western states measures have already been taken in the small towns within striking distance of the cities. Here the citizens have formed protective organizations to combat bank bandits and other criminals. Wherever a small town supports and advertizes the fact that a determined group of local men are prepared to repel boarders, there you will find a town avoided by the gangsters.

Campbell, particularly in the summer season, is a plum worth the picking by a small band of thugs who sought to hold up the town's major business establishments. It might be a good idea for a few of the gun-handy men of the village to get together and agree on a few protective measures of our own. We have a deputy sheriff here who has had considerable police experience, but in case of a raid he would need support. Can we have a few opinions on this?

With characteristic disregard of time, Congress has allowed the new airbase decision to be put off until next December. At that time, if things do not pick up for the southern faction, supporters of the Sunnyvale site will probably experience a great deal of difficulty in getting the rest of the boys to vote an appropriation with which to commence construction at Sunnyvale. Some of our Congressmen are getting too ancient to play ball in the big league, and they should be at home, sliding down each other's cellar doors. The important business of the nation might then have some chance of prompt consideration and speedy action.

That's all.

U. S. LEADS WORLD IN USE OF POWER IN PLANT AND FARM

BY CALEB JOHNSON

Let us think for a minute of farming in terms of power.

Animal power as well as mechanical power.

Farming without power is almost inconceivable to the American mind. Yet in Italy today there is only one horse to every five farm workers. At the beginning of the World war, when the use of animals on American farms was at its peak, we had more than two horses for every man employed in farm labor; Great Britain had less than one horse per man, Germany one horse for each two farm hads, and France one horse to three laborers.

Power on the farm, then, is nothing new in America. It is the secret of our greater farm prosperity. And in introducing mechanical power on the farm we are still leading Europe and the rest of the world.

In the form of tractors and other power-driven machinery we had more than two horsepower per worker on the farms in 1900, 30 years ago. In manufacturing in dustry less power was in use per worker than on the farm.

The same proportion obtained down to 1925. It is only in the past five years that workers in industry have had more mechanical power per man at their disposal than workers on the farm. Now the average worker in industry uses about five horsepower, while the average farm worker has at his command only slightly less in mechanical power and more than the equivalent of two mechanical horse power in the form of animal power.

And the greatest increase in the use of power, if the present tendency is a fair indication, will be on the farm. The horses and mules are being replaced by engines much more powerful than the animals are.

All of that means that the farm output per person employed in farm work is steadily growing larger. Fewer men are needed to produce and transport to market the same amount of foodstuffs or other agricultural commodities.

This increase in farm productivity has been going on for a hundred years. In 1830 it took the labor of three-quarters of the people of the United States to grow the commodities necessary to feed and clothe themselves and the rest of the population. By 1900, through the addition to the farm equipment of more horses and of mechanical power-driven implements, we had reached the stage of efficiency which required the work of not more than four-tenths of the whole population to feed and clothe us all.

This year's census is not complete, but it seems certain that it will show that not more than a quarter of the entire population of the United States is actually engaged in farm work; and the continuing increase in power equipment may, and probably will, reduce this proportion to 15 per cent in the course of another ten years. That is what the statistical experts figure—that eventually we shall reach such a stage of agricultural efficiency that only 15 percent of the people will be required to grow all of the crops and livestock which the entire 100 per cent of the people consume.

The present volume of power in use on the farms of America is estimated at 50,000,000 horsepower. This is divided among nearly 25,000,000 separate units, of which horses and mules still comprise the larger proportion. But in addition to some 18,000,000 work animals there are in use 853,000 farm tractors, 697,300 trucks—the farm job is in very large part a transportation job—2,500,000 stationary gas engines, 1,000,000 windmills, 300,000 individual electric plants and 50,000 central station lectric installations. Those figures do not include nearly 5,000,000 passenger automobiles which are owned by farmers, as they are not primarily production machines.

There will always be plenty of work for human beings to do in farming. Few machines run themselves; few of the kind that can run themselves can do the varied things which must be done on the farm. So in machine tending alone there will always be the need of human labor, though not so much in proportion to the work done as is needed to take care of the horses and mules which mechanical-electric power is displacing. There will always be farms on which horses or mules will do most of the work, farms where power from other sources cannot be used economically.

It does not follow, however, that even small farms cannot be largely operated more efficiently by the aid of mechanical power. There is a great deal of talk about the "farm of the future" as a great area operated like a factory, with workers employed by the operating corporation on an eight-hour day schedule, living in town and motoring out to their jobs every morning.

Beyond doubt there will be a good deal more of that kind of farming in the future than there is now, and there is quite a bit of it now .But it will be confined to a few especially favored areas and a few staple crops. And it will come far from satisfying the vast majority of those who now live on their farms, to whom farming is something more than a means of livelihood but rather, as President Hoover phrased it, a mode of living, which appeals to them more strongly than any other mode of living.

Perhaps the greatest value after all, in the increasing use of power on the farm is in the domestic applications which make this mode of living so much easier and more comfortable, for the farmer's family as well as for the farmer himself, than life on the farm used to be.

Saint George Up to Date — By Albert T. Reid

GRANGE PICNIC IS SLATED FOR JUNE 21 AT HOBSON'S

Last Tuesday evening six candidates took the first and second degrees at a regular meeting of the Orchard City Grange. Mrs. Ida Clendenning conducted the initiation. S. N. Hedegard, worthy master, presided over the business session.

Flag day was observed with a fitting program. Fathers' day was also celebrated and each father was presented with a lovely boutonniere. Grandfathers present also received the favors. Rev. J. H. Bennett gave a talk on the importance of a closer relationship between father and child.

The Grange picnic will be held Saturday, June 21, at the Will Hobson grove on Quio road. Activities at the grove will start at 2 o'clock and the picnic supper will be at 5 o'clock.

Olive Hanger Wed To William Farr Sunday At Methodist Church

Surrounded by many friends and relatives Miss Olive Hanger became the bride of William M. Farr at hte Methodist church in Campbell Sunday afternoon. Rev. S. C. Farr, father of the groom, officiated at the wedding, with Rev. A. S. Buell assisting. The church had been beautifully decorated for the occasion.

E. McLerron of San Francisco gave the bride away. Esther Lyndon was maid of honor and Harriet Farr and Mary Feathers were bridesmaids. Joyce Farr was best man. Gene Farr and Harold Cramer were ushers.

Miss Hanger is the daughter of Mrs. C. E. Hanger, and a graduate of the Campbell high school. She has been teaching at Pacific Grove. Mr. Farr is the son of Rev. S. C. Farr, formerly of Campbell. He is a teacher in the Mendocino school.

Their honeymoon trail takes them to Yosemite and upon their return they will make their home at Mendocino.

Margaret Pardee, Geo. Smith Nuptials Sat. At Pardee Home Here

A beautiful wedding took place Saturday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Pardee when their daughter, Margaret, was married to George Smith, Jr. The bride's father, Rev. Pardee, officiated.

The bride was charming in a gown of white satin and a lace-edged veil fastened in her hair by a wreath and clusters of orange blossoms. Her bouquet was white roses and lilies of the valley. The maid of honor was Miss Florence Darr of Palo Alto and the matron of honor was Mrs. Irving Hardcastle. The best man was Charles Smith, brother of the groom.

A reception in the garden followed the wedding. Refreshments were served at small tables decorated with sweet peas. A huge wedding cake was cut by the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith have left on their honeymoon trip to Yosemite valley, and upon their return will make their home in the house built for them by Mr. Pardee on Sunnyoaks avenue.

The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Smith of Woodside, and he is associated with the Standard Oil empany.

Post-Nuptial Shower Tendered Mrs. Ralph Pettit Thursday Eve.

A charming surprise shower was held for Mrs. Ralph Pettit, nee Casaletto, at the home of Josephine LaBarbera on Los Gatos and Santa Clara road Thursday evening. Wilimay Lea was hostess with Josephine LaBarbera.

The house was beautifully decorated with pink gladiolus and sweet peas with ferns. A large center piece was hung from the chandelier which represented a huge wedding ring with a bride and groom in its center.

An effective ruse was used to lure the bride to the home where 40 friends were waiting to surprise her with two baskets of lovely gifts, all wrapped in pink and green.

Dancing and games were enjoyed until a late hour. Refreshments were served on card tables decorated in pink and green.

Mrs. Pettit is the daughter of Mrs. G. Casaletto of San Jose, and has for some time been employed in the office of the Ainsley packing plant. Her husband, Ralph Pettit, is the son of Mrs. E. M. Odlum of San Jose. They were married in Redwood City May 29.

Present at the shower were the Mesdames Carrie Silver, Helen Johnson, Alice Hutchins, Marie Larrocca, Ivy Triplett and Miss Ethel Lyons, all of San Jose, and Mesdames Emma Main, Emma Bulmore and Myrtle Johnson of Los Gatos; Mesdames Hazel McQueen, Anna Bachman, Katherine Burns, Helene Robinson, Etta Eddlemon, Cora Pratt, Edith Souter, Jessie Silverbauer, Katherine Jones, Ellen Snow, Lillian Ohlen, Milvina Snow, Miriam Dunlap, Beaulah Covey, June Rice, Ada Coupland, Grace Fruedenthall, Minnie Wehmeyer, Marie Wingard, May Clark, Myra Payne, Lillian Frazier, and the Misses Lois Rice, Martha Curran, Winnie Wingard and Grace Coupland.

TICKETS FOR LOS GATOS PAGEANT FIND READY SALE

The entire Los Gatos community participates in "Gypsy Knight," 1930 Los Gatos pageant to be presented Friday and Saturday nights, June 20 and 21, in the beautiful amphitheater where 11 earlier pageants have paved the way to popularity for this annual production.

Los Gatans will be one of two places Friday and Saturday nights —on the stage or in the audience. Out-of-town demand for seats is reported unusually heavy. Performances start at 8:30.

Helen Kalas and Henry Crail, principals of the glamorous gypsy extravaganza, have a supporting cast of 300 gaily costumed performers. In this romance of the tents, with decorative lords and ladies singing with the motely gypsy bands, color in costuming, setting and lighting, far out-dazzle anything hitherto attempted in foothill pageantry.

Los Gatos is reached via any of the boulevards connecting with San Jose and Campbell. Every possible means has been adopted to render easy progress for motorists. Access is direct and uncongested to the town hall on East Main street, the entrance to the pageant grounds.

Strom-Selvy Wedding At St. John's, Del Monte, Sunday

The wedding of Miss Alice Strom to Harold Lee Selvy took place at the St. John's chapel at Del Monte Sunday afternon at 4 o'clock. The bride was given in marriage by her father, Oluf Strom, and attended by her sister, Anita Strom. Hugh Selvy was best man.

The bride was beautifully gowned in white satin and wore a veil made from the lace of her mother's wedding gown. She carried a bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley. David Strom and Eugene Selvy were ushers.

Immediately following the ceremony a reception was held at the future home of the couple on Bayview avenue in Pacific Grove for relatives and close friends. Mr. and Mrs. Selvy will take a two weeks' honeymoon trip to the southern part of the state.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oluf Strom of Campbell, and has been teaching school for some time in Monterey. She is a graduate of the Campbell high school and the San Jose State college. The groom is the son of Mrs. Lee Selvy of Richmond, andagraduate of the University of California school of phamracy.

Local Odd Fellows To Attend Initiation

Thursday night the lodges of district 20, which includes the Morning Light lodge of Campbell, will meet with the Observatory lodge of San Jose and witness the installation of Arthur Lawry, the new district deputy grand master.

All Odd Fellows are invited to attend. Refreshments will be served.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whitman were business visitors in San Francisco last Wednesday.

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Mrs. Maude Marston Lent of Oakland attended the graduation exercises of the high school, and remained over the week-end with her family on Union avenue.

Great Banquets A Story for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE Button bush flowers aren't like the big button one sees in a work box.

So, really, there is no special reason for such a name. Each button bush plant has a great, great many flowers upon it and each one of these flowers is filled with the most delicious honey.

There was going to be a banquet that day, and the banquet table was to be the bush.

It was being held in the swamp where the bush grew. Perhaps you could say that the many, many flowers on the button bush looked a little bit like very small buttons, but any way each of these buttons was filled with the most delicious honey.

"When is the banquet to begin?" asked one little flower.

"In a very short time," said the Button Bush.

"Patience, though, little flowers. The guests will come soon."

"Who are the guests to be?" asked the flowers.

"All the little insects of the swamp," said the Button Bush.

"Oh, goodie!" they said. "It will be a great and magnificent banquet, a great and gay banquet."

And they all looked very happy.

At last the guests began to arrive, and once they had started to come it seemed as though they would never stop.

Of course, they held banquets every day in the swamp, and many times a day but this was a very special banquet.

One little insect was seated upon the edge of a tiny button bush flower.

"Will you tell me a secret?" asked the insect.

"What is it?" asked the flower.

"Ah, it's a secret you all have; but if you will tell me I will promise to tell only my friends and companions, the insects.

"You don't mind if we know We're all such friends."

"What secret have we that you want to know?" asked the little flower.

"Ah, sly one, shy one, you know," said the insect.

The flower moved a little in the breeze. "Have another good sip of honey and I will tell you," said the flower.

"That's an easy command to obey," said the insect.

"We are very, very shy," said the flower. "Yes, all the flowers on each of the button bush flowers are so shy that they want to keep away from people.

Guests Began to Arrive.

"We have been told we would make lovely garden flowers and that people would then admire us.

They say we are so fragrant and sweet and that we are pretty to look at."

"All of which is true," said the insect, making a low bow, and taking another little sip of honey.

"But somehow we love the swamps best. They are so quiet. People don't come to the swamps so much, and we are so shy. People are nice, we haven't a doubt, but we like to be off by ourselves, and so we always grow in the swamps where there are no houses, but where there are lots of insects.

"We like insects. They enjoy our delicious honey—for we can't help boasting a little of our honey, which every tiny flower has, and we like to give our honey to the insects.

"We help them and they help us. We all love each other. The insects come to us because they hear of our rare honey and because we are so fragrant that they are drawn to us.

"But little insect, do not feel sad if the world doesn't see us, and because the world can't share with you our fragrance.

"We are shy, we have always been shy, and we will always be shy.

"But the people in the world outside the swamps have many beautiful things to look at and enjoy and we want to help along the swamps, which aren't always so nice.

"We love to give banquets. Yes, little insect, the button bush and the insect family are great friends when they meet in a good old out-of-the-way swamp!"

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Sandwiches

By NELLIE MAXWELL

A SANDWICH filling that will keep is one which will be appreciated by the busy housewife. Here is one:

Norway Sandwich.—Boil two cupfuls of tomatoes a few minutes, add half a pound of chopped beef and one-half pound of cheese which has been chopped or put through the food chopper. Bring to a boil. Add one well-beaten egg, cook carefully to spreading consistency. Add cayenne and use as filling on any kind of bread.

Salmon Savory Sandwich—Take a can of salmon, remove the skin and bones, add three hard-cooked egg yolks, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one-half cupful of cream salad dressing, salt and pepper to season. Mix well and spread on buttered whole wheat bread.

Cucumber and Onion Sandwich.—Peel and chop fine two firm cucumbers and grate two mild onions, add pepper, salt and a half teaspoonful of sugar. Place in a sieve to drain and chill in the ice chest. At serving time add French dressing, drain and mix with mayonnaise to spread. Serve on buttered bread and garnish with stuffed olives.

Olive and Celery Sandwich.—Chop fifteen large olives, three stalks of celery and three sweet cucumber pickles, mix well and add three tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of catsup and one-half teaspoonful of mustard. Use on thinly sliced white bread well buttered.

(©, 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

PRETTY COSTUMES FOR THE BEACH

BEACH belles are enjoying a new thrill this season—costumes which reflect the romance and the color glory of peasant dress.

Not only are the picturesque-minded intrigued by the peasant prints which are "the latest" for beach costumes, but their quaint styling brings into the picture a native charm which is most fascinating and realistic.

It seems that fashionists like artist painters are taking delight in captioning their creations with characteristic titles. Thus Schiaparelli, whose renown as a stylist is outstanding, selects "The Village" as an appropriate name for the charming little peasant frock with its contrasting blouse and skirt as shown in the picture together with a matching wrap. For this costume beautiful the designer employed one of the new peasant prints especially woven for beach, also hostess pajama ensembles. With all its artistic features, this three-piece is thoroughly practical, the skirt being split up one side, also made removable to allow sun bathing. The cape is so styled that at will it may be made to serve as a beach mat.

The same is true of the other costume in the illustration—unsnap the red-lined cape and you have a useful-as-well-as-ornamental beach rug. The material for this outfit is printed in red, white and blue.

It's an ever-so-clever device, this drop-your-skirt suit which is so popular this season among beach fans. One of the newest models is called the typhoon skirt, because owing to its circular cut its six-yard hemline swishes and swirls about the ankles like mad as milady capers along the sandy stretch. This gay garment, for it is made of awning striped duck in bizarre colorings which gleam and flash at every turn, is convertible into a beach mat, or a cape. These colorful beach fantasies pose over the trimmest, neatest of little fan-tucked trouser costumes.

Of course, to complete the vivacious and winsome picture, milady must add beach clogs, just such as are worn with the gay costumes pictured, having kid straps of bright color and ornamental design. These kid-straped clogs mark an innovation in beach footwear, and to put it mildly they are "the rage" among those summering amid scenes nautical.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

(©, 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

CHECKS HIGH IN FASHION'S FAVOR

CHECKS, please! To this insistent call of fashion, style-wise women are responding with enthusiasm, especially when it comes to their tailleurs of novelty woolens.

Wherefore many of the smartest suits, of which the model in the picture is one, are leading a checkered career. This nobby tailored jacket and skirt does not hesitate to "fly the colors," too, for its checks are in red and white. The jacket is worn over a white jumper which tucks neatly inside the pleated skirt as the majority of blouses do this season.

This is indeed proving a "suit season." Not for years has there been such a widespread demand for jacket and skirt tailleurs to be worn with the separate blouse. The fact that the woolens and silks employed for these suits are so gayly colorful and of such an infinite variety of weaves adds to their interest.

Just now the thing that counts most for chic is the hat (usually a beret) made of the identical tweed or novelty cloth of the suit. This fashion was at first thought to be only an early spring idea, but the vogue is becoming increasingly popular for travel and town wear. Not infrequently shoes and handbag of the same material complement the suit and its hat.

It's ever so ultra to wear white accessories with one's suit this season, especially if it be of a black and white novelty weave. This movement on the part of Parisian fashionists leads to the all-white chapeau, either felt, straw, crochet or of belting ribbon, topping a neckpiece of white flat fur, white kid shoes (perhaps piped with black) also pull-on gloves of white washable chamois. With the navy or black suit these accessory items in white are likewise very flattering and very fashionable.

(©, 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

Dirt Usefully Employed

The dirt taken out when the Panama canal was dug was used to fill in swamps for the Gatun dam; also for building a causeway at the Pacific end. The dirt was carried to the places desired by 300 dump trains.

A Flyer in the Stock Market

Weekly Short Story—By RAY NORTH

MARY BRUCE had a position in the brokerage office of Graham and Kent because an old friend of young Hubert Kent had written to him asking him to do what he could to get Mary a job. Mary had been brought up in comparative luxury. Then her father all in one short year lost his fortune and died, leaving Mary practically penniless and unprepared to earn her own living. So Mary became the reception clerk and telephone operator at Graham and Kent's.

Mary was a pathetic figure—pretty and very neat, but never looking the part of downtown office worker. Hubert's old friend had told him of the expensive life Mary had lived as her father's boon companion on his hundred acre estate. So Hubert Kent told Mary that he would like to be of some help to her. Perhaps he could give her advice about her affairs—business matters of which she naturally knew nothing.

"Thank you," said Mary, sitting there at the switch board. "I really would like a little advice right now. You see after everything was settled there was about two thousand dollars left to me. That's my fortune—" Mary smiled sadly.

"Well, I have had it in the savings bank but you know it yields practically nothing there. I wonder if perhaps I oughtn't to invest it."

Hubert—relieved for Mary's sake to think that she had even so small a nest egg as two thousand dollars—told her he would think the matter over and when he was sure of something—something that was bound to go big—he'd let her know. He wouldn't think of advising her to buy stock on margin, but something would come along that was a sure thing—so that she might make a few dollars.

A few days later Hubert Kent advised Mary to buy stock in the X. Y. wire company. Hubert happened to have inside information. The stock was still low—but they were keeping it low on purpose. When they got ready they were going to send it way up. Hubert himself wasn't getting any. It was against his principles as a broker to dabble in stocks. His money was all in government bonds. But for anyone that really had to make some money that X. Y. stock was a great investment.

So Mary gave Hubert a check for her two thousand dollars and Hubert arranged the purchase of the stock.

A month later X. Y. stock began to fall. Hubert was told and passed it on to Mary that this was all part of the scheme. The men who controlled the stock were getting ready to do big things. In a few weeks or a month or so, Hubert said, there would be a big dividend and then X. Y. would start to climb.

But there was no dividend and X. Y. did not start to climb. In fact, it continued to do just the reverse and before a year was over Hubert had to face the realization that X. Y. was hopeless and that through his advice Mary had lost her small nest egg. Gladly would he have reimbursed Mary for her loss but he knew that she would not consent to this. Hubert could not sleep nights. Somehow he would have to make up to Mary for what she had lost. It occurred to him that if he could introduce her to some young and eminently desirable man—some one really worthy of Mary—some one with plenty of money—with whom Mary could fall in love and who would marry her—then he would have made up the loss. So Hubert took Mary to luncheon, introduced her to some of the older women he knew, met her at his country club and produced two or three bachelors whom he regarded as in a measure suitable. And Mary really made a very good impression though she was extremely unresponsive to the attentions of the men she met.

"I don't know how it is with the men you've known," said Hubert helpfully "but these men are so used to girls that go more than halfway that when a girl is as cool as you are—well, they just make up their minds she isn't at all interested."

"Well, I'm not interested," Mary told him, "at least not in them."

"Then—then you like some one else better?" asked Hubert with a funny sense of injustice and jealousy.

"I do," said Mary.

Not long after that Hubert felt that the only way of making up to Mary was by offering his own heart and hand. There was a vague chance that she really cared for him—and besides he had to admit he was in love with her. And, of course, Mary accepted.

"I never could forgive myself for have wrongly advised you about that stock," Hubert told Mary shortly after their troth had been plighted.

"I suppose I ought to confess," said Mary. "I sold that stock three days after you bought it. I had a sort of hunch about it. So I sold and then took a wild plunge—bought on margin—S. P. & Q. I happened to overhear something over Mr. Graham's wire and—of course, I'd had a chance to learn a little about the stock market since I'd been here—and—"

"You must have cleared up a thousand or so—that was last May when S. P. & Q. went soaring—"

"I made almost four thousand," said Mary proudly. "You know I bought on margin. I ought to have told you, Hubert."

But Hubert was glad that she had not.

(Copyright.)

SUCH IS LIFE— It Would Be!

By Charles Sughroe

PAINS

No matter how severe, you can always have immediate relief:

BAYER

Bayer Aspirin stops pain quickly. It does it without *any* ill effects. Harmless to the heart; harmless to anybody. But it always brings relief. Why suffer?

BAYER ASPIRIN

KILLS FLIES

Just spray FLY-FOIL a few times a day about the rooms — all the flies and mosquitoes disappear. Positive and lasting in its results. Not a poison.

FLY-FOIL has a new pleasant odor and will not stain walls or fabrics. Leaves no oily scum.

New low prices at your dealer's or write

AN-FO MFG. CO.
Oakland, Calif.

Dairy Fly-Foil Keeps Flies Off Cows

FLY-FOIL

Kill Rats Without Poison

A New Exterminator that Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chicks

K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety as it contains **no deadly poison.** K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Connable process which insures maximum strength. Two cans [illegible] 78 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds [illegible] other testimonials.

Sold on a Money Back Guarantee.

Insist upon K-R-O, the original Squill exterminator. All poultry supply, drug, and seed Stores—75c. Large size (four times as much) $2.00. Direct if dealer cannot supply you. K-R-O Co., Springfield, O.

K-R-O
KILLS-RATS-ONLY

Informative Clock

A novel clock, which tells time and also how to spend it, has appeared in the Paris shops. Suggestions for an appropriate way to spend time are indicated by various pictures near the hours. According to the dial golf is for the morning and bridge for the afternoon. The cocktail hour is not omitted.

FEEL GOOD?

Most ailments start from poor elimination (constipation or semi-constipation). Intestinal poisons sap vitality, undermine your health and make life miserable. Tonight try NR—**NATURE'S REMEDY**—all-vegetable corrective—not an ordinary laxative. See how NR will aid in restoring your appetite and rid you of that heavy, loggy, pepless feeling.

Mild, safe, purely vegetable—at druggists, only 25c

FEEL LIKE A MILLION. TAKE

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Illumination

"Do you still keep a light in the window for your wandering boy?"

"What's the use?" answered Farmer Corntossel. "Josh has took up aviation and wouldn't pay attention to anything less than an airfield beacon."

"A WONDERFUL HELP TO ME"

Read What Mrs. Arnold Says About Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Dothan, Ala.—"What a wonderful help Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been to me. I was so nervous and rundown I couldn't be up half the time. When I had taken one bottle of Vegetable Compound I could tell I felt better, so I took seven bottles and I recommend it highly. It helped my nerves and keeps me strong to do my housework and wait on four little children. I hope some other suffering woman will try it."—Mrs. Porter L. Arnold, 1013 S. St. Andrews St., Dothan, Alabama.

The Mazaroff Mystery

By J. S. FLETCHER

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

(©, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.) W. N. U Service

CHAPTER VII—Continued

—10—

I did as he bade me. Without ceremony as much as a rap, I opened the door of Miss Apperley's sitting room, and Maythorne and I entered abreast. We plunged into the middle of things. An acrimonious debate was already at its full height. Sheila stood, indignant and defiant, by the center table. Mrs. Elphinstone was enthroned, obviously in a fine temper, in an elbow chair by the hearth. Mr. Elphinstone was perched on the edge of a chair in another corner, nursing the handle of his umbrella and apparently as uncomfortable as a nervous and peaceable man can be.

"—not one word, good mother, till you tell me how you came into possession of that will!" Sheila was saying with emphasis, as we strode in. "It's up to you to speak first—you're . . ."

She broke off there, or, rather, Maythorne broke things off for her. He strode forward and took the words out of Sheila's mouth.

"Your daughter's in the right, Mrs. Elphinstone," he said in cool, even accents. "It's up to you to give explanations. Now, come, Mrs. Elphinstone—how did you obtain possession of Mazaroff's will—which is now safe, let me tell you, safe—in Mr. Crole's strong room. Come?"

Mr Elphinstone groaned—wearily. But Mrs. Elphinstone showed temper—and fight.

"How dare you speak to me—me!—like that?" she demanded. "What right—"

"My dear lady!" interrupted Maythorne, "be calm, and don't be foolish. Think a little. Here is a very wealthy man murdered under most suspicious circumstances. He had his will in his pocket, with other papers, and with valuables and with money. He is not only murdered, but he is robbed of everything he had on him. Nothing can be discovered about his missing property. Then a few nights later your daughter accidentally finds out that the will is in—your hands! What do you suppose the police authorities will say to that, Mrs. Elphinstone? I'm asking you."

Mrs. Elphinstone looked at him half-wonderingly, as thoroughly obstinate and slightly stupid people will look at a questioner; I could see quite well that she was wondering how he dared to be so plain spoken and unceremonious.

Mr. Elphinstone groaned once more—audibly. "Most distressing!" he murmured. "Most—unpleasant. Really—I—I think, Marion, that—er—you know—if I were you—I—I think I should say how you got this—er document—I should—really."

"Mrs. Elphinstone will have to say how she got it, and from whom," observed Maythorne. "That will was without doubt abstracted—stolen—from Mazaroff's pocket by the man who murdered him. And, Mr. Elphinstone, it is later discovered in Mrs. Elphinstone's keeping. How came it there?"

Mrs. Elphinstone suddenly gathered up her wraps and her umbrella and rose from her chair.

"What right have you to ask me questions?" she demanded, facing Maythorne. "You're not a policeman, as far as I'm aware, and I don't know that you've any authority. I am going, and whoever wishes to see me will find me at Short's hotel. You'll find me there Sheila—I shall not run after you again."

"That's a useful thing to know, Mrs. Elphinstone," said Maythorne, still pertinacious. "You will no doubt be called upon at Short's. This is a matter of murder! And whether you like it or not, Mrs. Elphinstone—or, as it should be, Merchison—I am going to know who murdered Mazaroff. If you know you're already an accessory after the crime."

Mrs. Elphinstone was at the door by this time, and her eyes were as hard as ever as she swept us all with a half contemptuous glance. "Are you coming, Malcolm? As for you, Sheila, if you want me again, you'll have to come to me. Otherwise—"

She made a gesture which seemed to indicate that she washed her hands of her daughter and of everybody present, and without waiting for Mr. Elphinstone, she marched off down the corridor.

Mr Elphinstone shook his head—wearily and despondently. He looked round at all of us as if he wanted to speak, but no words came, and he presently turned and went after his wife. Maythorne closed the door, and glanced at us.

"You may think I was too explicit—perhaps brutal—with Mrs. Elphinstone," he said, "but I don't believe any of you understand. Knowing what I do—and Crole, of course, knows it now—I cannot keep this information from the police! It's impossible! We know—the police know—that Mazaroff was robbed as well as murdered. That will was on him! How did Mrs. Elphinstone get it? She is shielding somebody. That's the truth! Now, then—who is it?" Then, without waiting for any reply or remark, he tapped my shoulder and set off. I lingered a moment to exchange a word or two with Sheila, and then followed him.

"You think that, Maythorne?" I asked as we paused at the door of the elevator.

"Of course!" he exclaimed. "Doesn't need half an eye nor an ounce of brain to be dead certain of that! She knows—knows! And, as I said in there—who is it? Here's one thing certain. Holt—if she won't speak, I'll have to tell the police. But between now and tomorrow she'll have time to reflect. And in the meantime—

He broke off abruptly. We went down and into the street, and in silence walked quickly down Edgware road. I knew what he was after—Cottingley. And Cottingley suddenly appeared before us in Praed street, as if he had shot out of the earth.

"He's come!" said Cottingley. "Alone. They're both in the house, now. All's arranged." Maythorne nodded; they whispered together a moment; then Maythorne and I turned away.

"Did he mean that Eccleshare had come?" I asked. "And that—they'll watch him?"

"Eccleshare, of course," answered Maythorne. "Who else? Watch him?—Aye, they'll watch both of 'em!"

I went back to my rooms thoroughly muddled in mind by the day's events. It seemed hopeless to try to piece them together, and yet I could scarcely refrain from the attempt. And underneath everything lay an uncomfortable suspicion which forced itself upon me however much I fought against it—was Mrs. Elphinstone an accessory to Mazaroff's murder, and if so, after or . . . before? Out of all speculations one clear fact emerged—she had come into possession of that will, which, without doubt, was in Mazaroff's pocket when his murderer shot him.

All this was still seething in my mind when I met Maythorne next morning, at Crole's office. We were shown into Crole's private room at once; there, by Crole's desk, sat Mr. Herman Kloop. He gave us a knowing look as we walked in, and Crole nodded at him, as much as to say that whatever was to be said first was to come from the diamond merchant.

"News!" remarked Crole, laconically. "Another development!"

We sat down and turned on Kloop.

"I came round to Mr. Crole as soon as I had breakfasted—to tell him," he said. "Now I tell you. It is what I learned last night—late. From some of my friends in our trade. Mazaroff's pair of blue diamonds have been sold! They have been sold to a syndicate of three well-known dealers. A fancy price, too!" he added, with a chuckle.

"What price?" asked Maythorne.

"It is said—and I dare say it's quite correct—two hundred thousand pounds," Kloop replied. "Of course—they're worth that—and more. Sufficiently more to give the buyers a nice big profit—when they sell.- As—equally of course—they will."

"Well?" Maythorne asked. "But—who sold?"

Kloop laughed, glancing at Crole.

"To be sure!" he replied. "A pertinent question! Armintrade sold No concealment about that. Armintrade—the bank man."

"Armintrade only returned from the north last night," said Maythorne. "Where and how was this deal carried out?"

"Yes," answered Kloop. "I can tell something of that, but not precise details. I should say—by correspondence."

Maythorne looked at Crole; Crole shook his head.

"What concerns us," he remarked, "is the fact that Armintrade sold these things—Mazaroff's property. We know that Armintrade was in possession of what we'll call Blue Diamond Number One, and we also know that Mazaroff had Blue Diamond Number Two on him when he went north. So—Mazaroff must have met Armintrade and handed over to him the second diamond. They must have met—unknown to anyone—at Marrasdale."

Maythorne turned to Kloop.

"Armintrade's name was openly, freely mentioned to you in connection with this?" he asked. "Was Mazaroff's name mentioned?"

"Oh, to be sure! As the source from which the diamonds came."

Maythorne got up from his chair and began to button his overcoat. "There's only one thing to be done," he said, glancing at Crole. "You and I and Holt must see Armintrade at once. We want an explanation. As far as I'm aware, those diamonds, since the moment of Mazaroff's death, have been the property of Mr. Holt here. Isn't that so, Crole?"

"Yes," answered Crole, laconically. He got up from his desk, crossed over to a safe in the corner, and unlocked it, took from some inner receptacle an oblong envelope. "Here's the will," he said. "I'll take it with me. But I think Armintrade will be found to be all right. By that I mean that he will have acted within his rights. How, I don't know. But—come along."

We parted from Kloop in the street outside; Crole, Maythorne, and I got into a taxicab and set off for Courthope's bank. Maythorne seemed to be thinking hard. He looked up at last.

"It seems pretty clear—now!—that Mazaroff wasn't murdered for the sake of those diamonds," he muttered, as if somewhat dissatisfied at the new turn of affairs. "In that case—what was he murdered for?—what was the motive?"

"He'd other valuable property on him, you know," observed Crole. "And there are other people to question when we've done with Armintrade. Eccleshare, for instance, and that man Parslave."

We entered Courthope's bank together and sent in our cards to Armintrade. He took small notice of Maythorne and myself; his attention gave itself to the solicitor.

"Well, Mr. Crole?" he began. "What can I do for you?"

"You can give us some much-needed information, Mr. Armintrade," replied Crole, promptly. "You are aware, of course, that, having acted as the late Mr. Mazaroff's solicitors here in London, I have employed Mr. Maythorne to inquire into the mystery of his murder. Now, we have ascertained from Mr. Herman Kloop of Cape Town, a close personal friend of Mazaroff's, now in London, that Mazaroff possessed two extremely valuable diamonds, one of which was in his possession when he went forth to Marrasdale, and the other of which had been in your keeping, as Mazaroff's agent, for some months. Kloop tells us that you have sold these two diamonds to a syndicate for two hundred thousand pounds. Is that correct?"

Armintrade, whose smile, sardonic and inscrutable, had never left his eyes, nodded. "Quite correct," he answered.

"Do you mind telling us all about it?" Crole asked. "I gather the whole thing is plain enough—when explained."

"Plain as a pikestaff," replied Armintrade, with a laugh. "I have acted as agent or intermediary, or whatever you like to call it for Mr. Mazaroff for some time. Well now, as regards these blue dia

We Were Shown Into Crole's Private Room at Once; There by Crole's Desk Sat Mr. Herman Kloop.

monds—great rarities. I have had the first in my hands for some time. The second he handed to me personally at Marrasdale the day after he arrived at the Woodcock."

"Ah!—you met him there?"

"Certainly I met him there!"

"Well? And what happened?"

"We discussed the sale of the diamonds, and came to an arrangement."

"May I ask what it was?"

"Certainly! He gave me an option on them."

"Ah! I see! An option? Just so. You were to have them at a price?"

"Of course. But I'll show you the terms in Mazaroff's handwriting. He had brought me this, already written and signed—there you are!"

He produced a sheet of letter paper and handed it to Crole, who took and read it attentively. "I see!" he said, handing it back. "He gave you the option for one month of buying the diamonds for a hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds. And—you have taken it up. Then—what about the option money? Which, of course, should and would have been paid to Mazaroff."

"Exactly! The money is at the disposal of the late Salim Mazaroff's rightful heir or heirs, beneficiaries, residuary legatees or whoever has a proper and legal right to it."

Crole pointed to me.

"Mr. Holt there is Mazaroff's residuary legatee," he said. "He comes in for—everything!"

Armintrade laughed, and gave me a shy smile.

"Lucky for Mr. Holt!" he remarked. "But—are you sure of that? I understand that the will made at York is lost?"

"The will is here!" said Crole, holding up his envelope. "You can see it and read it."

Armintrade's face underwent a change as he took and read the will. He gave a long, careful look at the signature; another at Crole as he handed back the paper.

"What," he asked, "what do you a solicitor, say about that will?"

"That nothing whatever can upset it," answered Crole promptly. "It won't be contested either. Everything that Mazaroff died possessed of belongs to Mr. Mervyn Holt. So—"

"So I owe Mr. Holt one hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds," said Armintrade with a laugh. "Very good!—shall I send the check and the papers along to you, Mr. Crole? Just so—it shall be done at once. Glad you've found the will."

We all rose. For the first time Maythorne spoke—addressing Armintrade.

"You didn't think it necessary to give evidence at the inquest?" he suggested.

"What evidence had I to give?" asked Armintrade. "My affairs with Mazaroff had nothing to do with his murder."

"Have you any theory, yourself, about his murder?" continued Maythorne.

"I have had two. One was that he may have been followed from London by somebody who knew that he had the second blue diamond on him—he was a very careless, thoughtless man!—the other that it was just a common, vulgar murder for the sake of robbery by one or other of those men whom he had been treating at the Woodcock. For instance, where is that man who disappeared—Parslave? So far, I believe, the police have failed to track him. Possibly he murdered Mazaroff, robbed the body and cleared out. Anyhow—he's vanished."

CHAPTER VIII.

Fresh Links.

WE TOOK our departure—silently and unceremoniously, as if we had been very ordinary customers, doing very ordinary business. But outside, in Mincing lane, Maythorne halted, and looked questioningly at Crole.

"Satisfied?" he asked.

"As far as that goes—yes" replied Crole. "There's no doubt about the option—that's clear enough. No getting past Mazaroff's own handwriting and own terms!"

"Very well.—If you're satisfied," said Maythorne. He moved forward a few yards and again stopped. "I wish we knew a bit more about Mazaroff's movements on the day following his arrival at Woodcock," he muttered. "It's all vague shadowy uncertain—and yet bits keep coming out. Well—the next job is Eccleshare and Parslave. If we can't get some light through those two . . ."

He paused, looking round for a taxicab; as he signaled to one a little distance away Crole spoke.

"My impression is that Eccleshare will have as straight a tale to tell us as we've heard from Armintrade," he exclaimed. "We're off the track, Maythorne!—or, rather, we've never been on it. I've got an intuition that neither Armintrade, nor Eccleshare, nor Parslave know anything about nor have anything whatever to do with Mazaroff's murder."

"All the same, we're going to have things out with Eccleshare and Parslave," answered Maythorne. "We may get a hint; a bit of a clew; anything. Perhaps," he added, as we settled ourselves in the cab, "perhaps I've got a pretty good idea of how things are, myself, Crole—but I want all the contributory information I can get. And I want to know why Parslave has been lying safely hidden in Doctor Eccleshare's house in London ever since this affair happened."

At Maythorne's bidding we got out at the corner of Conduit street and walked along to his office. Outside his door stood a fine, obviously brand-new Rolls-Royce car. Crole smiled at the sight of it.

"One of your aristocratic clients, eh, Maythorne?" he observed chaffingly. "A duke or a duchess at least—what?"

"On the contrary, if you want to know," answered Maythorne, who had given car and chauffeur a sharp glance, "that's Sir Samuel Loeke's car—or one of 'em—and his livery. And I've a pretty good idea as to whom we shall find upstairs."

"Who?" asked Crole. "Lady Loeke?"

"No—but her nephew, Mallison," retorted Maythorne. "A thousand to one on it! Come in!"

We went upstairs. One of the girl clerks came forward as we entered the outer office.

"Mr. Mallison—waiting to see you, sir," she said.

We went forward to Maythorne's private room. There stood, examining a picture, the young man whom I had seen Mazaroff talking to at Huntingdon and at York. He turned sharply as we walked in, and a flicker of his quick eyes showed that he recognized me. He instantly picked out Maythorne. "Oh—er—Mr. Maythorne?" he said. "I—er—just dropped in to see you don't you know—this Mazaroff affair. Queer business, ain't it?"

"What do you know about it, Mr. Mallison?" asked Maythorne. "We're anxious to get any information we can. And if you can tell us anything—"

Mallison sought inspiration in his cigarette.

"Oh, well, I—I scarcely know anything at all!" he said. "Of course, I met Mazaroff in Park lane, and I saw one of the blue diamonds, and heard about the pair of 'em—the other was in the hands of a chap named Arm—something—not Armstrong, though—a banking man. And between you and me, Lady Loeke was jolly keen about getting hold of the pair, though she didn't say much about it just at the time. But I know she was all for Sir Samuel buying 'em there and then. That's what I gave Mazaroff the tip about when I met him as I was going north."

"I see," said Maythorne. "You were both going north about the same time, eh? To be sure. And what were you going north for?"

"Inspect some shootings," answered Mallison promptly. "Looked over a lot while I was up there—both sides the Tweed."

"Capital idea!" agreed Maythorne. "And you met Mazaroff—accidentally? At Huntingdon first; then at York. Exactly. But—did you ever meet him again?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mallison. "I met him at Gilchester."

"At Gilchester, eh? That's the market town for Marrasdale—a few miles from the Woodcock. How do you come to meet him there?"

"Accident! I'd motored over from Bellburgh to look at a shooting near Gilchester. I went into the hotel there to get some lunch and stopped a bit afterward. Mazaroff came in—we had a drink or two together."

"You met Mazaroff at Gilchester. Did you talk about the diamonds again?"

"Of course! He told me what he'd done. He said he'd seen this agent of his—Arm—something—"

"The man's name is Armintrade. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Penalties of Genius

Temperament is a sort of thermometer by which we register the boiling point of genius.—Los Angeles Times.

Old Turkey Lining Up With Modern Nations

Engravers street, a short passage near the grand bazars, Constantinople, has suffered a change in the past year. Seal makers, who formerly cut signets in the old characters, now are reduced to such inartistic pursuits as painting signs reading "Keep the Halls Clean" and "This way to the Janitor." This is entirely due to the influence of compulsory education. Thousands of illiterate people who formerly depended upon a stamp with which to place their names on documents now sign for themselves. Not many years ago the signet was something to be proud of. Frequently it was cut from semi-precious stones and even emerald seals were used. But the signet has now been replaced by the fountain pen.

Free State Aids Folklore

Announcement that the Irish Free State government is to give a subsidy to the Folklore society of Ireland is being received with enthusiasm in Irish literary and artistic circles as well as throughout the country. Irish folklore is recognized as being among the most beautiful in the world and efforts to collect and publish it will be welcomed in many other countries.

FAMILY DOCTOR MADE MILLIONS OF FRIENDS

Fifteen years after his graduation, Dr. Caldwell became famous for a single prescription which now, after forty years, is still making friends.

Today Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the world's most popular laxative. Millions of people never think of using anything else when they're constipated, headachy, bilious, feverish or weak; when breath is bad, tongue coated, or they're suffering from nausea, gas, or lack of appetite or energy.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is made today according to the original formula, from herbs and other pure ingredients. It is pleasant-tasting; thorough in the most obstinate cases; gently effective for women and children. Above all, it represents a doctor's choice of what is safe for the bowels.

Success!

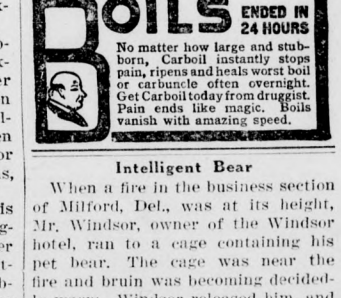
"Mueller's three sons are a disgrace. One plays and the other steals."

"What about the third?"

"He does both. He is a composer."—Careta.

At home or away

Feen-a-mint is the ideal summertime laxative. Pleasant and convenient. Gentle but thorough in its action. Check summer upsets with Feen-a-mint at home or away.



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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair 60c and $1.00 at Druggists. Hiscox Chem. Wks., Patchogue, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO — Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

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No matter how large and stubborn, Carboil instantly stops pain, ripens and heals worst boil or carbuncle often overnight. Get Carboil today from druggist. Pain ends like magic. Boils vanish with amazing speed.

Intelligent Bear

When a fire in the business section of Milford, Del., was at its height, Mr. Windsor, owner of the Windsor hotel, ran to a cage containing his pet bear. The cage was near the fire and bruin was becoming decidedly warm. Windsor released him, and the bear, giving one look at the blaze, darted through the crowd, which gave him plenty of leeway, and plunged into the Mispillon river, where he remained until the fire was out.

If you "tent out" for the summer you don't have to bed and board visitors as you do when you rent a cottage.

Don't be Stung!

Here's the sure, quick, easy way to kill all mosquitoes indoors and keep 'em away outdoors!

Flit is sold only in this yellow can with the black band.

© 1930 Standard Inc.

Burns' Portrait Found

A Raeburn portrait of Robert Burns, painted in 1803 and lost for more than a century, is reported to have been found recently by a miner's wife in Larkhall, Scotland. The picture, said to be a striking likeness of Burns, is a canvas 27 by 23 inches inside the frame and carries an indistinct signature which experts believe to be that of Raeburn. It was "picked up for a few shillings," according to a Glasgow newspaper, in a second-hand furniture shop.

Turtle Had Traveled

Twenty-eight years ago Edward Smith of Raquette Lake, N. Y., put his name, address and date on a small brass plate and fastened it on a turtle and turned it loose. Recently this turtle was found at Tsatasawassa lake, nearly 200 miles from Raquette Lake.

Occasionally a man who runs for an office wins in a walk.

History, when it repeats itself, is not responding to encores.

Cuticura Preparations

Cuticura Soap—fragrant and pure, to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment—antiseptic and healing, to remove pimples, rashes and irritations which mar the beauty of the skin, and finally Cuticura Talcum—so smooth and pure, to impart a pleasing fragrance to the skin.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Talcum 25c. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Malden, Mass.

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Editorial

"OLD GLORY"

Saturday, June 14, was Flag Day. All over the United States the "Gridiron Flag," as foreigners contemptuously called it when our nation was young, floated in the pride of its 153 years. It symbolizes now as it has always symbolized, an ideal of human liberty, of self-government, of freedom of the individual to pursue happiness in his own way, within the law, which had never been put into practice before in the history of the world.

We may not have reached—indeed, we have not fully reached, as we must admit—the perfection of this ideal. But we have come closer to it than any other considerable body of human beings has ever succeeded in doing. And in making the effort to live up to the ideal for which "Old Glory" stands we have set an example which almost all of the rest of the world has been striving to emulate.

Every government in the world, except ours, has undergone radical if not revolutionary changes since that 14th of June, 1777, when the Continental Congress officially adopted the Stars and Stripes, designed by Betsy Ross, as the standard of the colonies which had so recently declared themselves free and independent states. With only two or three exceptions the American flag is the oldest flag in the world today. That is something to think about, when we talk of the United States as a "young" nation. Actually, we are one of the oldest nations, so far as our form of government and our flag are concerned.

Nations which were old when we set out upon our great experiment have undergone revolution after revolution. Most of them have completely altered their governmental forms. The British Empire has become a commonwealth of practically independent nations. Ireland has been annexed and detached again though the cross of St. Patrick, added to the British flag in 1801, still remains there. France was an absolute monarchy when we set up our government. The royal banner of Louis XV has given place to the tricolor floating over the Third Republic since our own revolution, with another empire intervening. The Italy of today is quite a different nation, as its flag is different, from that of 1777. Spain, then ruler of immense colonies, has shrunk to a tiny kingdom. Germany, Austria, imperial Russia—all the "great powers" of the 18th century have changed, diminished, and their flags have changed. Even China no longer flies the dragon pennant and Turkey has abandoned the green flag of Mohammed.

Denmark's flag, dating from the 12th century, and Switzerland's, nearly as old, are the only flags flying today which are older than our own Stars and Stripes. The nation over which it was first flung has more than justified the hopes and beliefs of its founders.

* * * *

MURDER

Ten persons out of every 100,000 are victims of murderers every year in the United States.

That is an appalling record. Nothing like that number of murders occurs in any other civilized country. But that fact, published everywhere, gives our own people as well as foreigners an incorrect impression of the life of the United States and in the cities which may be called "murder centers."

Think it over for a minute. How many people do you know who have had any contact of any kind with murder? How many people in this community have been murdered in recent years?

We all know that the life of every lawabiding citizen, going about his or her business and not seeking trouble, is safe in our midst as it is anywhere in the world. Gunmen do not prowl around our streets and byways looking for victims. Women are not afraid to go to the stores for fear of being shot down by stray bullets or intentionally. Yet the picture of life in the United States as Europe sees it would have us all in constant danger of being killed by some irresponsible murderer.

Even in Chicago, from which we hear more news of murders and murderers than from any other place in America conditions are not at all like that. Americans unfamiliar with the ways of big cities hesitate to go to Chicago for fear of being killed. Chicago newspapers report that travelers with several hours between trains frequently do not dare leave the railroad station to look around the beautiful city, because they have heard so much about Chicago gunmen. The International Rotary clubs recently felt impelled to send out word to its members everywhere in the world assuring them that they would not be killed if they came to a convention in Chicago!

The plain fact of the matter is that in almost every case of murder the victim is either a criminal, ar associate of criminals, or engaged in some reckless undertaking that exposes him unnecessarily to attack. Leaving out people who have invited murder by their own acts, and officers of the law taking the necessary risks of their occupation, our proportion of murders to population, even in Chicago, is probably as low as in England or France.

That does not dispose, however, of the fact that there has developed in America a criminal element which is almost defiant in its attitude toward the authorities of the law. These men do not fear the law, because they have found so many ways of evading the punishment which is due them for their crimes. The basic trouble is with our courts and with the public sentiment which permits travesties on justice to go unheeded and unchecked.

Just For Fun

A COLUMN OF FUN AND FACTS

By Halliwell & Jones

HOWDY FOLKS—The picnic season is here, but no improvement has ben noticed in potato chips. They are still made out of strips of butcher paper and fried in lubricating oil.

* * *

ONE REASON FOR DIVORCE IS THE LADY'S INABILITY TO BE CONTENT WITH A MERE MAN WHEN SHE EXPECTED A SANTA CLAUS

* * *

A policeman in Iowa City shot at a man, who wasn't hurt because the bullet struck a bottle in his hip pocket. The moral is obvious.

* * *

Si Penhall says that in the barber college where he learned his trade, they used to tell ghost stories to the customers to make their hair stand up so it would be easier to cut.

* * *

Doakes McBathwater, whose philosophy is nationally quoted, suggests that now that sea captains are being retired when old age dulls their mind, perhaps it would be well to apply this to the ship of state and retire some of the present congressmen who are in that condition.

* * *

NO WONDER WINE MERCHANTS IMPORT LABELS. A TINY SILK LABEL IN A HAT MAKES 38 CENTS WORTH OF MATERIAL COST A WOMAN $25.

* * *

No, I didn't get the new license plates, officer. I didn't like the color of them.

* * *

Nic Hedegard says that what the rancher wants at his door is more opportunity and fewer wolves.

* * *

EFFICIENCY EXPERTS

The old maid who goes to Hollywood, so that she can meet some yes-men.

* * *

PROHIBITION IS HAVING ITS DAY, BUT ANTI-PROHIBITION IS HAVING MOST OF THE NIGHTS.

* * *

Our line of GOODYEAR TIRES are having their days—and their nights—too. There's a reason, and we'll be glad to tell you what it is.

HALIWELL & JONES
OPPOSITE SCHOOLS — PH. 111
Campbell, California

Officers Underpaid?

Newton D. Baker, Secretary o War in the Wilson Cabinet, who i rging higher pay for the junio ficers of the U. S. Army.

Local Happenings

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Purmort will leave this week for an indefinite vacation at Yosemite. Their niece, Miss Le Gillis of Burlingam, will accompany them.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Cutting and sons, Cecil and Windsor, left Saturday for a motor trip into the Yellowstne national park, to be gone a month.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. William Ream and daugter of Portland are visiting for a time with Mr. Ream's sister, Mrs. Horace Person.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Abbott entertained the teachers of the grammar school at a Dutch whist party at their home last Tuesday afternoon.

—c—

Miss Mary Woodbury, who has been teaching in Oakland, is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Woodbury of Union avenue.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Threlkeld of Burlingame were recent visitors at the E. C. Young home.

—c—

A benefit card party, sponsored by the ladies of the St. Lucy chuch will be held at the community hall this Friday evening.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs .A. E. Brydon and family and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fammatre and son left Saturday for a week's tour along the Redwood highway to Clear Lake and Eureka.

—c—

Mrs. William Currell of King City is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Whitney. She will leave soon for Stockton to visit relatives.

—c—

Miss Laura Blaine left Monday for a week's stay at Asilomar.

—c—

Miss Helen Phillips of Watsonville was a recent visitor at the P. H. Dunlap home on Alice avenue.

—c—

Miss Joyce Robson, who has been teaching at Coalinga, is home for the summer vacation.

—c—

The G. S. Robson family is spending a two weeks' vacation at Capitla.

—c—

Miss Polly Maxon returned home Tuesday from Pomona college where she finished her freshman year.

—c—

Mrs. Emma Mademan and her daughter, Mrs. H. Jorgenson of Los Angeles spent several days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Birnbaum. The ladies are on their way east where they will spend the summer.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. John Pardee and little daughter, who were here to attend Miss Pardee's wedding, returned to their home in Sacramento Sunday evening.

—c—

Mrs. Catherine Nichol of Yerrington, Nev., will visit her daughter, Mrs. J. J. Pardee, for two weeks.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. George G. Gregory of Redwood City were week-end guests at the Pardee home.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. King of Twin Lakes are visiting at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Smith.

—c—

Mrs. A. C. Skov of Pacific Grove is visiting with Josephine LaBarbera.

—c—

Miss Helen Stray came home from Pomona college Friday to spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and rMs. Walter Stray.

THE WILL TO WIN

THE NEIGHBORHOOD BANK AMERICAN TRUST COMPANY SINCE 1854

The habit of saving money and regularly putting it in the bank yields more than a pile of dollars. It gives us the will to win. It teaches us to value the time and thought and energy we had to expend to earn the money. It puts plan and purpose into our lives, increases endeavor and assures success. It gives us confidence. And in these days of keen competition it takes ability and courage and confidence to win. The man who is worried and fretted hasn't a chance.

The man who has money in the bank has no fear of any other man or of any situation. He has confidence in himself and this inspires the confidence of others. The possession of money earned, saved and in the bank gives a man character. Character gives him confidence, and confidence gives him the power to conquer.

Savings are safe in the bank.
There is no substitute.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

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Your voice now can travel up and down the Coast, or across the continent, as clearly as if you were speaking to someone in the same room.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

VOTE FOR
Hall S. Schrader
For
County Recorder
An Efficient Business Man makes a good County Official
Primary, August 26, 1930

Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

"There's something I'd rather you'd do. It would help an awful lot if you'd do it," Ivy urgently added.

"What is it?"

Eve asked the question without suspicion. Her mind was centered on the girl's condition—surely a serious one for a dancer. Ivy's next words startled her.

"It's my job," she muttered. "I'm going to lose it; that's all."

"Oh! I'm sorry!"

"Yeh. Jake said he didn't want to be hard on me, but he couldn't be left in the lurch again. So the next time I didn't come or send substitute, it would be the air for me."

"I see."

Eve saw with a clearness that made her wince. Evidently Miss Davenport expected a great deal from her fellow beings. She would not have been surprised if this stranger in her room, having put her to bed and eased her pain, now announced her intention of substituting for her at the cabaret and at once departed to do so. She herself had already shown that she was a friend in need. Probably her associates also were the kind who did that sort of thing—But Jake's! To dance at Jake's! Eve felt that she had definite limitations and that one of them had been reached.

"You oughtn't to talk," she restlessly pointed out.

"If you'd go up there and report to Jake, you could bluff your way through the dances," Ivy hurried on. "You'd do fine. The other girls

would help you, if you told them what it meant. The fellas would, too. They're all my friends. They'd see you weren't put up against it, 'cause they'd know you was trying to help me."

"But good heavens, I can't—"

Eve became conscious of her tone and checked her words, appalled. This girl had come to her days ago, offering her a job because she believed her to be down and out. Now it was clearly up to her to reciprocate. The demand was a wild one, of course, but surely she was the last human being who should fail any one in trouble. She thought of Hamilton—of the swift willingness with which he had come to her help in her crisis. She could never repay him, but here was a chance to pass on the mercy and kindness he had shown her. This girl's job was at stake, her very bread and butter. As for herslf, she could stand Jake's for one night, whatever possibilities Jake's might hold.

She leaned over the bed in which Ivy now lay in the exhaustion of extreme pain.

"Tell me what you want me to do," she said kindly, "and I'll try to do it. What bluff must I make?"

She was rewarded by the look in the other girl's face as she struggled up on an elbow.

"There's nothing to it," she said eagerly. "Even if you can't dance all the dances—and i'm betting you can—it'll help if you just go there and tell Jake how it is, and offer to take my place. Talk to him first, and then go to the dressing room. Ask for Queenie Morris. She's Jakes' head hostess. She's my pal, too, and the best of the lot. She'll do the rest."

"I understand. But . . . you're quite sure Jake's place is all right?"

The girl in the bed was spent by the effort of talking as much as she had done, but she rallied to this question.

"I'll tell the world it is," she brought out. "Don't you get no idea of white slave stuff. There's nothing like it at Jake's. Straight business, on the level, good eats, good music, a pretty good crowd—and Jimmy Murphy on the spot to toss out rough ones. It ain't a club. Most any one can get in, but they can't stay in unless they behave. The substitutes get three dollars for the night and a five-cent card for every dance they give visitors besides their tips. You'll get that tonight, of course. All I'm worrying about is to hold my job for the winter. See what I mean?"

Eve could not help wondering how, on a few dollars a night, Miss Davenport's income ran to apartments, silk lingerie, over-stuffed furniture and painted beds. As if the sick girl had read her thoughts, she hurried on:

"You'll knock down six or eight dollars a night without trying. I make ten or 12. Any guy that's a real guy'll slip you a dollar or two for dancing with him a lot, especially if he lands on your feet most of the time. And there is always some guy will pay for your supper, too. Say—" she asked the question with sudden anxiety—"you got anything to wear?"

Eve looked at her blankly.

"No. I didn't bring an evening dress."

"Then take one of mine. Any one you like. You and me's about the same size. But hurry. Tht closet—see?"

Eve hurried, and selected the least flamboyant of iMss Davenport's several dancing gowns—a fairly simple creation in white and silver.

"The slippers to match are on the top shelf."

Eve found the slippers without difficulty. Evidently Miss Davenport had a sense of order. They were a trifle large, but, like the gown, they passed muster. Ivy, blue-white around the mouth, approved the result, and Eve also received from the long mirror in the living room the assurance that it was not so bad.

"I only got one evening wrap," Ivy confessed, "but it goes with most anything." It did.

"Do I have to dance with every one that asks me?" Eve inquired, when she was ready to leave.

Ivy looked at her with a flicker in her pain-filled eyes.

"Say, haven't you ever been in a cabaret?" As Eve did not reply, she answered the question: "Of course you got to dance with them if you wanta make a hit. The big feature is the program dances, but the men is there for a good time, and you gotta help. If they ain't perfect gentlemen you tip the wink to Jimmy and he gives 'em the air. But it's like I told you," she added more faintly. "You do what I said. If you can't dance or don't wanta, they'll all help you out. They're my friends," she weakly ended.

Within the next hour, when she had reached Jake's, Eve discovered that Miss Davenport had not overrated her own popularity.

Jake was in the fastness of his private office, a small partitioned retreat off the main room. Eve's modest request to see the manager, combined with the mention of Miss Davenport's name, procured an immediate audience with him.

He was dressed in immaculate evening clothes and his brilliant hair clung to his head like thick, black paste. He turned upon her the unwinking gaze of two remote black eyes and waited for what she had to say.

"I've come to substitute for Miss Davenport," Eve explained.

"What's the matter with her?"

"She's sick."

"Again, eh?"

The personal charm of Jake, as set forth by Miss Davenport, was escaping Eve thus far.

"What's your name?" he ended.

"Berson." Eve had decided to accept Miss Davenport's version.

"Your address?"

"The same as hers."

"Know how to dance?"

"Miss Davenport says I do. I can't do solo work, but I think I can get along in the other dances."

"Hope so. All right, report to Miss Morris."

Eve followed to its end the narrow passage he had indicated, guided by the sound of voices. The door of a room at the right was yawning slightly, and a glance through the opening suggested that here was her destination. Half a dozen girls in evening gowns occupied its limited space, lending themselves to various occupations. One, in the only easy chair, sat holding a hand glass and touching up an already striking facial color scheme. A second was down on a knee, sewing the beginning of a run in the top of one of her silk stockings. A third fluffed her bobbed hair before a full-length mirror, and the remaining three were smoking and resting. Eve tapped the door panel and waited on the threshold. No one answered so she pushed the door wide.

"Pardon. Where shall I find the head hostess—Miss Morris?" she asked.

The girl who was sewing the stocking run raised her eyes from the absorbing task.

'Right here," she said brusquely. Her manner implied that she could endure "runs" but not interruptions.

"Miss Davenport told me to come to you," Eve explained. "She's sick."

"Again!" Miss Morris' exclamation held more sympathy than Jake's, and she added briskly, "Gawd! the poor kid."

"I'm substituting for her," Eve continued with a smile. "At least, I'm trying to."

The information interested all the girls. Miss Morris nodded.

"Fine," she said heartily. "Stick around till I finish this damned thing, and I'll put you wise to what you gotta do."

Eve entered the crowded room. One of the smokers spoke languidly.

"What's eating Ivy?" she wanted to know. "Same old thing?"

She was a tall girl with green eyes, a superb figure, regular features, and red hair as closely cut as Jake's. She had a look of distinction, a voice as harsh and shrill as a Russian's, and her accent was the one heard in New York's lowest East Side slums.

"Yes. She says she's had such attacks before."

"I'll tell the world she has. They are the things she ain't got nothin' else but. Wonder how long Jake'll stand for it," the tall girl said.

"Don't strain your mind trying to think, Mazie. But if you really wanta know, I'll say Jake will stand for it as long as Ivy can dance better than the rest of us. You ain't feeling up to Ivy's acrobatic waltz yourslf, are you?"

Eve decided that she liked Miss Morris. Queenie, having thus suppressed Maizie, and also conquered the run, now felt up to her other duties. She rose, shook out her skirt, cast a critical eye at the reflection of her legs in the long mirror, and turned to the new-comer, prepared to give her undivided attention.

"Sit down," she invited. "Here, Stella, don't be a pig."

She seized the legs of the girl called Stella, a tired-looking and plain-faced young person who was lying at full length on the room's one couch, and swung them to the floor. Stella retrieved the cigarette dislodged from her lips by the briskness of this maneuver, and gloomily huddled in the couch's top corner. Miss Morris pressed the visitor into part of the vacated space and fitted herself into what was left.

"What's your label?" she asked.

"Berson."

"New in the business?"

"Yes."

'I thought so." Miss Morris had the air of one adjusting her shoulders to a burden. "Well, things don't light up here till the theater crowd blows in," she resumed, "and that aint for ten or 15 minutes yet.

(Continued Next Week)

"I understand your husband can't meet his creditors."

"I don't believe he wants to, particularly."

"Don't sit there and look like an idiot."

"Very well, my dear. Where shall I sit?"

KIWANIS NOTES
By Heck

"To be or not to be," as Hamlet said in one of his sane moments, "that is the question." Hamlet was not under discussion but sanity was and Dr. E. W. Mullen of Agnew told some interesting facts concerning its various phases. According to Doc Beall, chairman, we are all a bit crazy about our jobs or hobbies and thereby hung a penalty on each one present. Next Tuesday will be a closed meeting to discuss important matters of club interest.

On June 30, at 5 o'clock in the evening, all Kiwanis sessions will be held with the ladies in attendance. This year 1,682 clubs in the United States and Canada will assemble at that hour in common with Internatinal in session at Atlantic City. Lloyd Berry will go to International as delegate from Campbell.

Glycerin Mix Removes Cause of Stomach Gas

Simple glycerin, buckthorn bark, saline, etc., as mixed in Adlerika, acts on BOTH upper and lower bowels, removing poisons you never thought were there and which caused gas and other stomach trouble. Just ONE spoonful relieves GAS, sour stomach, sick headache and constipation. Don't take medicine which cleans only part of bowels ,but let Adlerika give you a REAL cleaning and see how good you feel. It will surprise you.—Shadles' Drug Store.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Scholz of Birmingham, Ala., are visiting a brother, Robert, and sister, Miss Anna, of Winchester road. Herb. is electrical construction engineer for his company and is here attending the national convention of electrical engineers at San Francisco this week ,and is making an enviable name for himself in his line.

Mrs. Ralph Hyde and son Homer are vacationing at their cottage at Twin Lakes.

—c—

Mrs. Nettie Jensen of San Jose and daughter, Mrs. J. Cianciarulo of Piedmont, were visiting Tuesday with Josephine La Barbera at her home on Santa Clara-Los Gatos road.

FIELD'S STORE

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY SPECIALS

Del Monte Sliced Peaches, 3 2½ cans 53c
Mission Dry, Citrus Flavors, 2 bottles ..45c
Fiesta Sugar Wafers, 3 pkgs. 25c
Council Sandwich spread, 3 no. ¼ cans 20c
Palmolive, 6 cakes 39c
Thompson's Double Malted Milk, 1 lb. ..45c
Brillo, 2 pkgs. 15c
Pint can Flit and Sprayer, both for 73c
Roman Meal, large pkg. 28c
Diamond Matches, 6 boxes 23c
Tree Tea, ½ lb. pkg. 35c

FIELD'S STORE

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INSTANT HOT WATER does save 4 to 6 hours each week.....

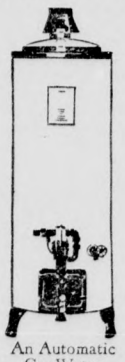
If you would exchange 4 to 6 hours each week for sunlit hours of freedom—

If you would have plenty of hot water at the turn of a faucet—

Then accept **this** automatic hot water service.

It is the same **instant** hot water service that men like in fine hotels—for bathing and shaving. It is brought to you by the Automatic Gas Water Heater. Because of its insulated tank and efficiency, the cost is less per gallon to heat water with an Automatic Gas Water Heater than with the old fashioned method of waiting for water to heat.

And once you install the excellent service, there's never any delay or bother about having an abundant supply of hot water — day and night.



An Automatic Gas Water Heater

Plenty of hot water, at the turn of a faucet, does save time by quickly dissolving dirt and grease.

For full details about having an Automatic Gas Water Heater, telephone or call at our office—or a dealer's store.

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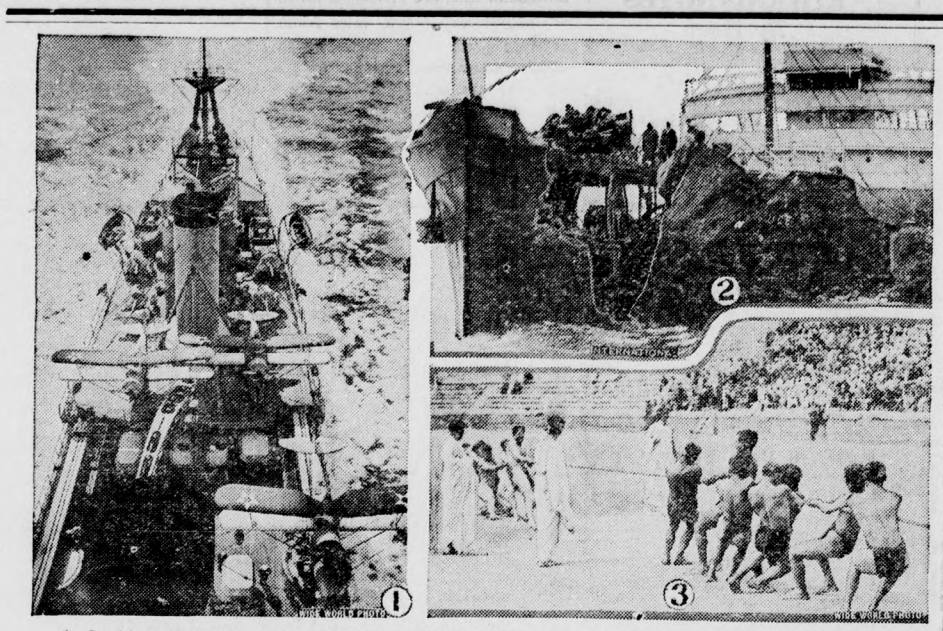


1—Looking aft on the new cruiser Salt Lake City during her trial "blue water" run. 2—Tanker W. W. Bruce almost cut in two by collision with tanker Scottish Maiden off New York. 3—Tug-of-war in the Pythian games, revived at Delphi, Greece, after twenty-four centuries.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

London Naval Treaty Will Be Dealt With by Senate in Special Session.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

RATIFICATION or rejection of the London naval treaty will be accomplished by the senate in a special session, to be called by President Hoover immediately after the adjournment of congress about June 15. This was the plan decided upon by majority leaders of the senate and house with the approval of the President. It was considered best for congress to go ahead with the business before it, complete that and adjourn without taking up the treaty. The house leaders said they were ready to set a date for ending the session as soon as the senate was prepared for such a step.

Opposition to hasty action on the treaty, by opponents of the pact, and a desire on the part of members of the house to get through and go home were two of the major reasons for the decision reached. President Hoover's announcement that he intended to call a special session, if necessary, to insure early action on the treaty, was a principal factor.

Senators Johnson of California and Hale of Maine, leaders of the opposition, were especially vehement in their objections to what they called an attempt to railroad the pact through the senate by administration senators. Under the program adopted, the tariff, rivers and harbors, omnibus and veterans bills will be acted on in the senate before congress adjourns.

More members of the navy general board and other high officers of the navy appeared before the senate committee on foreign relations and naval affairs to tell why they consider the London treaty dangerous for the United States. Much of their testimony was to the effect that it would make it impossible for the navy to protect this country's trade routes; there also was further criticism of the reduction in the number of large cruisers for America and of the increased ratio given Japan.

DEBATE on the conference report on the tariff bill was just getting under way in the senate when some one raised a point of order which was sustained by Vice President Curtis and under which the measure was sent back to conference. Consequently final action on the bill was delayed for at least one week.

The point of order related to a clause in the flexible provision permitting the tariff commission to make effective changes in duties if the President failed either to approve or disapprove a recommendation for an increase or decrease within 60 days. Republican leaders were concerned over the fact that several additional points of order may be made relating to rate items. If these are sustained further delays are in prospect.

FIGURES presented to the senate campaign expenditures committee revealed that Senator Grundy of Pennsylvania spent $291,000 out of his own pocket in his losing campaign for renomination and that the total cost of that campaign was $332,076. Secretary of Labor Davis, who defeated Grundy, told the committee that he expended and pledged out of his own funds $10,541.45. He said he also handled about $10,000 in contributions to his campaign which he turned over to his committee.

Francis H. Bohlen, who ran against Senator Grundy and Secretary Davis with the backing of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, testified that the total expended for the ticket which included himself and candidates for governor and lieutenant governor was a little more than $200,000. Of this amount $100,000 was contributed by the association.

SOME of the dry leaders in the senate were considerably more disturbed by the ruling of the Supreme court, that the ordinary purchaser of intoxicating liquor is not guilty of an offense, than was the prohibition enforcement bureau. Senator Sheppard of Texas, for instance, urged the early enactment of legislation to make the liquor buyer punishable under the dry laws. Sheppard was co-author of the Eighteenth amendment. Early in the present session he introduced a bill to make the seller and purchaser of illicit liquor equally liable to punishment. Senator Jones of Washington, author of the "five and ten law," and others opposed the views of Sheppard.

The court, in an important test case brought by the government, held that congress not only "deliberately and designedly" exempted purchasers in the Volstead act, but for ten years "has significantly left the law in its original form."

Enforcement bureau officials pointed out that the decision was entirely in accord with the policy the bureau had followed.

THREE bills intended to improve prohibition enforcement, principally through the relief of congested federal court dockets, were given the approval of the house judiciary committee. One measure would authorize the summary prosecution of offenses, elsewhere defined as misdemeanors, before United States commissioners without a jury. Whatever the action of the commissioner, it must be confirmed or disapproved by a member of the federal bench.

Another would amend the United States code to define a misdemeanor as an offense calling for a maximum penalty of six months in jail, a fine of $500, or both, and a felony as an offense punishable by imprisonment for not less than one year.

The third measure would amend the Jones law to define a misdemeanor under the prohibition laws as an offense committed by one who is not an habitual violator of the dry statutes and a case involving not more than one gallon of liquor.

OUT in Seattle a federal grand jury returned indictments against Roy C. Lyle, prohibition administrator for Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and Alaska, and others on charges of corruption and bribery. Among the indicted are William M. Whitney, Mr. Lyle's assistant and legal advisor; Earl Corwin, a prohibition agent; M. L. Fryant, a deputy sheriff who won notoriety as a wire tapper in the famous Olmsted "whispering wires" case, and C. T. McKinney, a young lawyer from Kentucky who led the prosecution of the Olmsted liquor gang.

OFFICIALS of the Methodist board of temperance, prohibition and public morals were asked to appear before the senate lobby committee to explain its alleged failure to report, in accordance with the federal corrupt practices act, its activities in the Presidential campaign of 1928.

Deets Pickett, research secretary of the board, testifying in the absence of Dr. Clarence True Wilson, its general secretary, insisted that its activities in behalf of Hoover were "nonpolitical." He pointed out that the Department of Justice has declined to prosecute the board for noncompliance with the federal statute.

Pickett stated that hundreds of thousands of copies of the Voice and the Clipsheet, organs of the board, attacking Al Smith's prohibition record, were circulated during the 1928 campaign; that the religious issue received attention in the Voice, a fact he now deplored; and that, as reported to the board by Doctor Wilson after the campaign, "we did use all the energy that we were capable of in bringing about the election of Herbert Hoover as President and Charles Curtis as Vice President."

"PASSIVE" no longer describes the resistance of the Indian natives to British rule. The rioting is increasing daily and has developed into bloody conflicts with the police and the troops. What is worse, in the eyes of the British, is the fact that the Moslems are joining their traditional enemies, the Hindus, in the campaign in some localities, though in other places there have been sanguinary fights between natives of the two religions.

Worst of all the rioting, but not directly connected with the Indian campaign, was that in Rangoon. In that capital city of Burma warfare broke out between different bands of coolies when laborers were imported to break a strike of dock workers, and the troops were forced to fire on the mobs. Many were killed and the wounded numbered perhaps a thousand. Latest reports indicated that peace had not yet been restored there. Fifteen Indian coolie women were said to have been tortured and massacred by coolies. All the shops in the city were closed and the food situation was becoming desperate.

PREMIER MUSSOLINI recently delivered several addresses so fiery and provocative concerning the necessity of having Italy prepared for war that the negotiations between that country and France for a naval limitation agreement were broken off, at least temporarily. Some of the French newspapers even hint at the possibility of war between France and Italy, though the conciliatory attitude of the French government is stressed.

On the other hand, Deputy Gray in a speech before the Italian chamber of deputies, appealed to France to make an accord with Italy so that Europe may present a united front against America in the future armed struggle which he is certain will come.

CHINESE Nationalist forces in Honan province are reported to have been severely defeated by the troops of the northern alliance commanded by Yen Hsi-shan and Feng Yu-hsian and numbering about 200,000 men. The government troops were forced to dig in and suspend their advance on Chengchow, the rebel base, until reinforcements arrive. The two armies have been engaged in battle along the railway south of the Yellow river since May 8. President Chiang Kai-shek is said to be hard pressed for money to pay his fighting men, and T. V. Soong, the Nationalist finance minister, warned him that the government must score an early and decisive victory if it expected more revenue from the country.

ORGANIZED labor won a big victory when the Supreme Court of the United States upheld an injunction restraining the Texas and New Orleans railroad, a Southern Pacific system subsidiary, from organizing a so-called "company union" or interfering with the activities of the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks among its employees.

DETERMINED to hold down government expenditures for veterans' relief to reasonable figures, President Hoover vetoed a bill broadening the basis for pensions for Spanish war veterans which would have added from $11,000,000 to $12,000,000 to annual costs to the government.

"I am in favor of properly discharging the national obligation to men who served in war or became disabled and are in need," said the President in his veto message. "But certain principles are included in this legislation which are opposed to the interest both of war veterans and of the public."

CAPT. ROSCOE TURNER, flying a Lockhead Vega monoplane, set a new record for the east to west transcontinental flight. Starting from New York, he made one stop, at Wichita, and landed at Glendale, Calif., in 18 hours, 43 minutes, 34 seconds elapsed flying time. He battled strong headwinds all the way to Wichita. Turner's only companion was a lion cub.

The Graf Zeppelin, after spending an hour or two in Buenos Aires, returned to Pernambuco for gas and fuel and then took off on her flight to Havana and Lakehurst, N. J. On the northward leg of the voyage her passengers numbered nineteen. It was arranged that Pernambuco shall be the terminus a regular Zeppelin service.

Amy Johnson, the young English girl who flew from England to Australia, is touring the Australian continent. She was presented with $50,000 by English admirers.

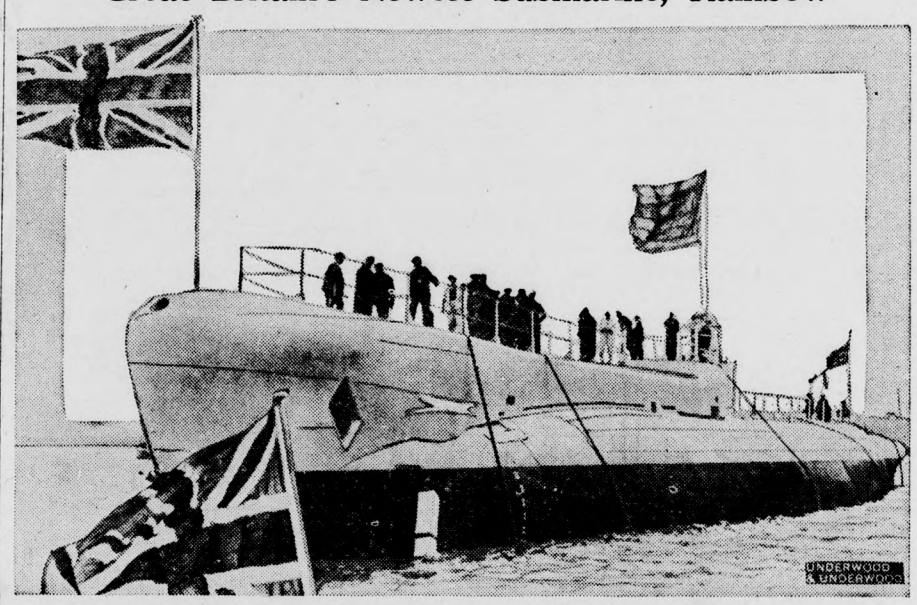
SEVERAL well known men and women were taken by death during the week. Among them were Cardinal Lucon, the venerable archbishop of Reims who remained in that city throughout its bombardment in the World war; Mrs. Katherine Keith Adler of Chicago, popular novelist, who was killed in an automobile accident in France; Lord Randall Thomas Davidson, former archbishop of Canterbury; Daniel M. Lord of New York, veteran advertising man, and Baron Ashton, the richest man in England.

(©, 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

Taking the Census in Big Bend Country of Texas

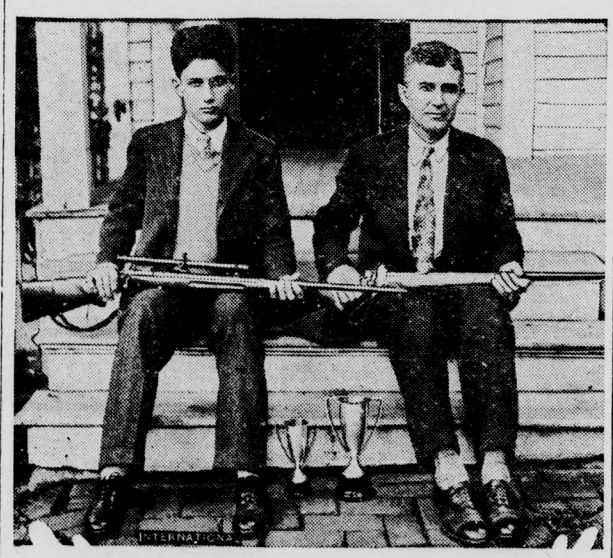
Mrs. J. H. Nail of Alpine, Texas, taking the census along the Rio Grande in the Big Bend country of Texas. Over 1,100 miles of travel by auto and several hundred miles of mountain climbing were necessary to accomplish her task.

Great Britain's Newest Submarine, Rainbow



Great Britain's newest submarine, Rainbow, the first on the 1928 program, after it was launched. The vessel weighs 1,475 tons (2,015 tons submerged) and is expected to carry one four-inch and two smaller guns.

Father and Son Rifle Champions



Two rifle championships in the same family is the unusual record that has been achieved by Samuel A. McKone and his seventeen-year-old son, Samuel A. McKone, Jr. A few hours after the elder McKone had won the senior championship of the Kansas State Rifle association at Junction City, his son won the junior championship. The father's score was 243 out of a possible 250, while the son's was 193 out of a possible 200.

Odd Architecture for Chicago Fair

Architecture for the Century of Progress exposition in Chicago is going to be decidedly different from any that has ever been used. For example, this photograph of the model of one of the domes of the Travel and Transport building shows how cables on the outside will do away with the necessity of having pillars and posts on the inside. The men inspecting the mo el are Manager L. R. Rohr, Assistant Director of Works C. W. Farrier and Secretary Daniel W. Burnham.

WANTS NORRIS' TOGA

Dr. Jennie Callfas of Omaha, Neb., who was ousted as Democratic national committeewoman after she had refused to support Al Smith for president, is seeking the Democratic nomination for senator. That seat is now held by George W. Norris, Republican. Doctor Callfas said she would fight for revision of tariff rates to benefit agriculture, as part of her campaign platform.

WINS OVER GLENNA

Diana Fishwick of the North Foreland club, who won the British women's open golf final by defeating Miss Glenna Collett of the United States. Miss Fishwick, who is but nineteen, is the former British girls' golf champion.

Immune From Weather

The building of castles in the air is one industry that is never given a setback by weather conditions.—Des Moines Tribune-Capital.

Community Spirit

Above its neighbors, on to outstanding success, rises ONE community in TEN!

What is it that takes this community on to success, while the others falter, or actually fall, by the wayside?

Not natural advantages, statistics prove, such as climate and location. For as far as climate and location go, many a potential city of a million souls slumbers peacefully in any one of a hundred small communities. Not happenstance, for history proves that very few, like little Topsy, have "jes' growed."

OUTSTANDING COMMUNITY SUCCESS is achieved by that intangible something called "COMMUNITY SPIRIT"—the urge to do; the spirit of "I WILL!"

In community success, individual effort counts for much; but CO-OPERATIVE EFFORT counts for more!

The prosperity and progress that we now have is the result of COMMUNITY SPIRIT. The progress that we may hope to achieve can only be attained through this same spirit; through the desire of every individual citizen for community success, and the effort and energy of every individual citizen directed toward that end. It will take COURAGE, ENERGY, VISION, ENTERPRISE, and PATRIOTIC SERVICE to take OUR community "over the top;" on to OUTSTANDING SUCCESS—to make it THE ONE IN TEN!

Esprit de corps! Morale! Community Spirit! Call it you will; the result is COMMUNITY SUCCESS for

CAMPBELL

BERNHARDT'S
CITY PRICES IN THE COUNTRY
WHY NOT?—BERNHARDT THE GROCER

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Physician and Surgeon
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Office and Residence, Phone Campbell 122

DR. F. R. ANDERSON
Physician and Surgeon
Office Hours: 10 to 12 and 1 to 5
Office: Curry Bldg, Phone 165
Campbell, Calif.

DR. C. E. FARMAN
Dentist
Hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Curry Bldg. Campbell, Calif.

DR. ERNEST A. ABBOTT
Dentist
Rm. 6, Porter Bldg., San Jose
Phone San Jose 2447

Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif. Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
Chris Anderson, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings. Fred Getchell, Noble Grand,
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secty.

Patriarchial Branch I. O. O. F.
Barnes Encampment No. 77
Meets first and third Wednesday evenings at I. O. O. F. hall in Campbell.
H. A. Pratt,
Chief Patriarch.
E. A. Draper,
Scribe.

Notice of First Meeting of Creditors In the Southern Division of the United States District Court for the Northern District of California

In the Matter of
David T. Crawley, Bankrupt. No. 19387 S
In Bankruptcy

Notice is hereby given that the bankrupt above named was on the 4th day of June, 1930, by the above entitled Court, duly adjudicated bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors of said bankrupt will be held before the undersigned, Referee in Bankruptcy, at his office, in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, at room 809 Commercial Building, on Friday, the 27th day of June, 1930, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at which time and place said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint one or three trustees of said estate, examine the bankrupt, consider whether said trustee or trustees shall be authorized to sell the property of the estate, and transact any and all other business that may properly come before said meeting.

Dated at San Jose, California, in said District, this 7th day of June, A. D., 1930.

All claims must be in form prescribed by the Bankruptcy Act, and be subscribed and sworn to before a proper officer.

M. E. WRIGHT,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

Children Almost Hate Cross, Nervous Mother

"My children almost hated me, I was so cross. Thanks to Vinol, my nervousness is all gone and we are happy again."—Mrs. T. Johnstone.

For 30 years doctors have prescribed Vinol because it contains important mineral elements of iron, calcium and codliver peptone. The very FIRST bottle brings sound sleep and BIG appetite. Nervous, worn-out people are surprised how QUICK Vinol gives new life and pep! Ttastes delicious. —Shadle's Drug Store.

Cecil Calahan of Weed, Calif., is visiting with W. L. Cooke and sisters on South First street.

WAN-TADS

PIANO

We have in storage near Campbell one baby grand piano of our own manufacture, which we will sell at a big reduction in price rather than stand the expense of returning to San Francisco. $10 per mo. will handle. Send full information to

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

The Baldwin Piano Company
310 Sutter St., San Francisco

Hemstitching — Reasonable. Call evenings. F. Fletcher, 106 No. Central, phone 107-J. 35-42

For Rent—Modern 3 rm. and bath cottage on Campbell avenue. See Haliwell & Jones. 1tchg

Furnished house for rent. See O. A. Putnam.

For Sale—Ladders, large auto canvas, camping outfit and papering tols. S. W. corner Campbell avenue and 3rd St. 1tpd

Painter wants painting or decorating by day or hour. Phone 256. 41-2-3-4chg

Lost—A small brown book. DeLavel Diary. Name M. C. Buchanan. Finder please return to Press. 1t

Miss Muriel Carson of the high school faculty will leave Saturday of next week for a two months' tour of Europe. She will go to Montreal, taking boat from that point.

High Graduation Well Attended Friday Nite

The thirtieth annual graduation exercises of the Campbell high school were held Friday evening, June 13, at 8 o'clock at the grammar school auditorium.

The hall was packed, many being obliged to stand throughout the program. The stage was banked with ferns and had three large bows of pink gladiolus in the front.

Thirty-six boys and 32 girls graduated, swelling the total number of graduates to 714 since 1901, of which 384 were girls and 330, boys.

A splendid program carried out mainly by the seniors was well received.

Invocation was pronounced by Rev. J. H. Bennett; two selections were rendered by the high school orchestra under the direction of A. A. Thielke; a splendid address was given by Dr. T. W. McQuarrie of the San Jose State college, in which he spoke of the need for higher education, and gave many illustrative instances. After the address a group of selections was played by the senior members of the band, followed by a piano solo by Veva Nichols, a graduate. The diplomas were presented by D. H. Cramer, principal of the school. Another selection was played by the senior members of the orchestra. Rev. Bennett asked the benediction.

Immediately following the recessional the graduates gathered in the cafeteria where they received congratulations, flowers and gifts. A dance at the annex in honor of the senior class followed the exercises. A large crowd was present at the hop, and the Alumni association, who sponsored the dance, has chalked down another success.

The Methddist Ladies Aid society will meet Thursday with Mrs. M. J. Palmer, 85 North Central avenue. A good turn-out is expected.

—c—

James F. Knappen, teacher at the Marysville junior college, arrived this afternoon for a few days with the H. C. Smith and R. H. Knappen families. He will enjoy a vacation in southern California before undertaking additional academic work at U. C.

—c—

M. C. Buchanan, agricultural cadet at the local high school, left Monday for his home at Corvallis, Ore.

—c—

Born—June 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Ira Condon, nee Winnie Bibb, at Lakeside, a son, Robert Martin.

—c—

Mother—Willie, I heard that instead of going to Sunday school this morning you played football.

Willie—That isn't true—and I've got a string of fish to prove it.

IN THE Radio STUDIOS WITH ALBERT ZUGSMITH JR

DID YOU KNOW—

That President Hoover has addressed the radio audience 22 times in the 14 months that he has headed the nation? Coolidge in his seven years of office broadcasted but 37 times while the present chief executive has sent his voice over the ether waves 45 times in the last five years.

That the height of Henry Burbig's (CBS comedian extraordinary) ambition is to play "Hamlet" in Eskimo dialect?

That Ozzie Nelson's orchestra, which has been on the air only three months, is leading Rudy Vallee, Will Osborn and others of broadcasting fame in a popularity contest being run by a New York newspaper, by several thousand votes?

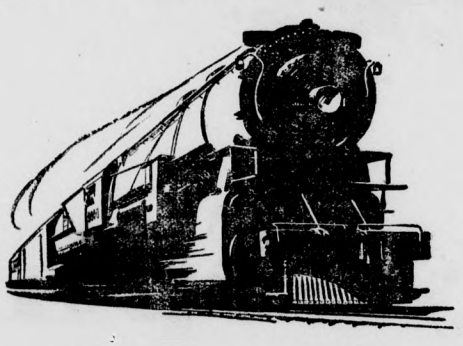
That those visiting a transmitting station are advised to check their watches at the door so that their timepieces don't get magnetized by the apparatus within. A magnetized watch is just as liable to gain a couple hours a day as it is to lose a few hours the next day.

That Amos of "Amos 'n' Andy," is now the proud father of a five-pound baby girl. Floyd Gibbons insists that it should be named "Kingfish."

That Rudy Vallee uses a glass megaphone when he broadcasts from his night club, so that his feminine admirers may see all of his face!

Believe it or not, but Bob Ripley receives over 1,000,000 fan letters a year. And the bottom has dropped out of the waste-paper market!

Time cut again!



Faster service to

Chicago *and the* Northwest

Effective June 15

Leading the way in a sweeping time cut throughout the Southern Pacific system, the fast schedules of Southern Pacific's *Overland Route* trains will be again reduced.

"Overland Limited," already faster by hours than any train on any other line between San Francisco and Chicago, will cut its eastbound schedule to 57 hours, 10 minutes. Westbound schedule was cut from 58 to 56 hours on June 1. This fourth time cut since 1926 makes a total reduction of 10 hours, 50 minutes, eastbound; 12 hours westbound.

A new service on the "San Francisco Limited" saves nearly 7 hours from San Francisco to St. Louis. "Gold Coast" will be *2 hours faster* to Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago. These trains will now be faster by hours than any train on any other line, San Francisco to St. Louis.

"Cascade" of *Shasta Route* will be *15 minutes faster*, San Francisco to Portland; "Shasta" *40 minutes faster*; "Klamath" *20 minutes faster*.

Every day until Sept. 30, Southern Pacific offers reduced summer roundtrips to the East; return limit Oct. 31.

Southern Pacific

C. T. TANNER, CAMPBELL AGENT

DOWN GO THE PRICES of GOODYEAR TIRES *and tubes*

All-Weather, Pathfinder and Truck Tires
LOWEST PRICES IN HISTORY

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NO TIME OR MILEAGE LIMITS!

FULL OVERSIZE BALLOONS	
29x4.40-21	$5.55
29x4.50-20	$6.29
30x4.50-21	$6.35
28x4.75-19	$7.55
29x4.75-20	$7.65
30x4.75-21	$7.95
29x5.00-19	$7.98
30x5.00-20	$8.15
31x5.00-21	$8.45
30x5.25-20	$9.40
31x5.25-21	$9.75
30x5.50-20	$10.20
31x6.00-19	$12.10
32x6.00-20	$12.55
33x6.00-21	$12.90
32x6.50-20	$14.36

HIGH PRESSURE OVERSIZE CORDS	
30x3 Cl.	$4.68
30x3½ O Cl. O. S.	$4.98
30x3½ R Cl.	$4.89
30x3½ S. S.	$6.35
31x4 S. S.	$8.65
32x4 S. S.	$9.35
32x4½ S. S.	$13.10
33x4 S. S.	$9.95
33x4½ S. S.	$13.55
33x5 S. S.	$18.25
34x4 S. S.	$10.85
34x4½ S. S.	$14.20
HEAVY DUTY TRUCK	
30x5 8 ply	$19.35
33x5 8 ply	$22.15
32x6 10 ply	$34.10
36x6 10 ply	$37.85

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